

A greater thanks, for Churchyardes welcome home.

I Bad not Courte farewell
for such hot welcome home,
But glad to leaue the costly Courte
and lyue lyke cuntrye mome.

From thence I wylling went:
and thought in very deed,
To make (ere mischeefs fel on heapes)
a uertue of a need.

But my cheeff freend came there,
to whome for duties sake
I rode, and did (by destinies lot)
a further journey make.

Which freend drew me by loue,
to see the Courte agayne:
But sens my suddayn comming there
doth breed in you disdayne:

I fynd moze fumish flames,
by this sond frantike smoke:
And see (perhaps) a further spere,
then you with craft can cloke.

But tyll your syngers burne,
ye care not what ye doe:
Well, I wyll helpe to kyndle coales,
and clap on faggots toe.

To bryng your handes in heat,
because the ayre is colde:
Ha. me: Knaue thee: I say no moze,
the prouerbe is full olde.

If Crowes of Cheape cry Ha,
the bawle doth backe rebound:
For sure I owe not all their towne,
the halfe of twentie pound.

And thysteene candels great,
o euery pound allowe:
Then call an audite of my debt,
and cast my charges nowe.

Yet know I cut tayld Curren,
can neuer byght in frame:
Tyll courage claps them on the backs
and thrusts them on the game.

Come on you snarryng whelpes
I feare your force no wht:
Though lowd ye bark ye dare not bite
your teeth are tender yet.

Baight me lyke Bull at stake,
I haue good flesh and bone:
To trie it out (as hap shall serue)
with any Dog a lone.

No other aunswer sure,
I make: now shan this well:
But leaue the Lob that rayld on me,
the bable and the bell.

*Write not to this agayne,
in silence shall ye sit:
As boyde of aunswer euery way,
as you are boyd of wyt.

FINIS. (Q) playne Churchyarde.

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London in little Britaine by Alex.
ander Lacy: for Arthour Wepwel, dwel-
lyng in Paules churchyard, at the
signe of the Wynges head.

